

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers perjuries  
They say *Ioue* laugh, oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost *Loue*, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.  
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:  
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaviour light,  
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
Then those that haue coying to be strange,  
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,  
But that thou ouerheard'st ere I was ware  
My true *Loues* passion, therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yeelding to light *Loue*,  
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,  
That tips with silver all these Fruite tree tops.

*Jul.* O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,  
That monthly changes in her circled Orbe,  
Least that thy *Loue* proue likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?

*Jul.* Do not sweare at all:

O if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,  
Which is the God of my Idolatry,  
And Ile beleue thee.

*Rom.* If my hearts deare *Loue*.

*Jul.* Well do not sweare, although I loy in thee:  
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,  
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be  
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:  
This bud of *Loue* by Summers ripening breath,  
May proue a beautilous Flower when next we meete:  
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

*Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

*Rom.* Th'exchange of thy *Loues* faithfull vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:  
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it,  
For what purpose *Loue*?

*Jul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,  
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,  
My *Loue* as deepe, the more I giue to thee  
The more I haue, for both are Infinite:  
I heare some noyse within deare *Loue* adue:

*Cal's within.*

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:  
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

*Rom.* O blessed blessed night, I am as fear'd  
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,  
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

*Jul.* Three words deare *Romeo*,  
And goodnight indeed,  
If that thy bent of *Loue* be Honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,  
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,  
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,  
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

*Jul.* I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,  
I do beseech thee

*Within: Madam.*

*Within: Madam.*

(By and by I come)  
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,  
To morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thriue my soule.

*Jul.* A thousand times goodnight.

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,  
*Loue* goes toward *Loue* as school-boys fro thier books  
But *Loue* fro *Loue*, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

*Enter Juliet againe.*

*Jul.* Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,  
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,  
Else would I teare the Caue where Echo lies,  
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then  
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

*Rom.* It is my soule that calls vpon my name,  
How silver sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,  
Like softest Musike to attending eares.

*Jul.* *Romeo*.

*Rom.* My Neece.

*Jul.* What a clock to morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* By the houre of nine.

*Jul.* I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,  
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,  
Remembring how I *Loue* thy company.

*Rom.* And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,  
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,  
That let's it hop a little from his hand,  
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,  
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,  
So louing Tealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy Bird.

*Jul.* Sweet so would I,  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:  
Good night, good night.

*Rom.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

*Jul.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.  
*Rom.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,  
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,  
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.  
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,  
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Friar alone with a basket.*

*Fri.* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light:  
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:  
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,  
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,  
I must vpfill this Oster Cage of ours,  
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,  
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,  
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:  
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

*We*

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:  
Many for many vertues excellent:  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
Oniekle is the powerfull grace that lies  
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,  
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.  
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,  
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,  
And vice sometime by a Action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,  
Poysen hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,  
Being tasted slayes all fences with the heart.  
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,  
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

*Rom.* Good morrow Father.

*Fri.* Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salueth me?  
Young Sonne, it argues a distemper'd head,  
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;  
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,  
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:  
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuf braine  
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature:  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

*Rom.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,  
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

*Fri.* That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

*Rom.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:  
I haue beene feasting with mine enemies,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:  
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.  
*Rom.* Then plainly know my hearts deare *Loue* is set,  
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,  
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:  
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

*Fri.* Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere?  
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst *Loue* so deare  
So soone forsaken? young mens *Loue* then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine  
Hath wast thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?  
How much salt water throwne away in wast,  
To season *Loue* that of it doth not tast.  
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares,  
Thy old groones yet ringing in my auncient eares:  
Lo here vpon thy cheekes the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not wast off yet.

If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

*Fri.* For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury *Loue*.

*Fri.* Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to haue.

*Rom.* I pray thee chide me not, her I *Loue* now  
Doth grace for grace, and *Loue* for *Loue* allow:  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O she knew well,

Thy *Loue* did read by rote, that could not spell:

But come young wauerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your household rancor to pure *Loue*.

*Rom.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they rumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the deu le should this *Romeo* be? came he  
not home to night?

*Ben.* Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*  
worments him so, that he will fore run mad.

*Ben.* *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter  
to his Fathers house.

*Mer.* A challenge on my life.

*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he  
dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with  
a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the care with  
a *Loue* song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the  
blind Bowe-boys but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter  
*Tybalt*?

*Ben.* Why what is *Tibalt*?

*Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-  
ous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing  
prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests  
his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the ve-  
ry butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman  
of the very first house of the first and second cause: sh the  
immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phan-  
tacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade,  
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-  
mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted  
with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-  
don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they  
cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their  
bones.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

*Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh,  
flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers  
that *Petrarch* shewed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen  
wench, marrie she had a better *Loue* to berime her: *Dido*  
a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings  
and Harlots: *Thisbe* a graye or so, but not to the purpose.  
Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your  
ff

French